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dett-Coutts, Earl Grosvenor, and others are owners of his Arctic paintings. He can therefore afford to miss the pleasure of winning a new American fame. Whether one likes his work or not depends upon what one demands in a picture. If an artist chooses to be the servant of science as well as of art, he will at any rate be sure of support from those who want pictures for information as well as for inspiration. ALPHA.

THE RECENT CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

THE art exhibition at the recent Inter-State Industrial Exposition of Chicago was very creditable. The seven hundred numbers of the catalogue included many well-known paintings by European artists, lent for the occasion by the owners, and an excellent selection of casts of famous works of sculpture. The educational value of these latter is very great and the good sense of the managers of the exhibition in giving them the prominence they did speaks well for the future of similar enterprises in this country. In the handsome catalogue, illustrated with sketches of many of the American pictures by the artists themselves, explanatory notes were given concerning the Elgin marbles and other famous antiques in the British Museum, the Louvre, and the other great collections of Europe. Comparisons of ancient and modern sculpture were made easy by the placing in juxtaposition casts of such works as the noble "Diana Robing" in the Louvre, Canova's plagiarism of the Venus de Medici, Gibson's "Tinted Venus," and Thorwaldsen's "Venus Victrix."

The exhibition of American paintings cannot be called even fairly representative, with the conspicuous absence of names of such men as Bierstadt, Bridgman, Coleman, Knight, Humphrey Moore, Sargent, and Vedder. No pictures of particular importance were shown not previously seen in New York, although Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith sent on his nineteen Cuban sketches, made during his recent trip to the West Indies. Picknell's "Route de Concarneau," and Boughton's "The Return of the Mayflower," were lent by Mr. Fairman Rogers. The following artists were represented by the pictures named: George Inness, "An Old Roadway"; Frank Waller, "Temple of Kom Ombo," and "Interior Metropolitan Museum"; George Fuller, "The Quadroon," "A Reminiscence of Sicily"; Eastman Johnson, "The Funding Bill"; Hovenden, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady"; Sartain, "A Quiet Moment"; Chas. H. Miller, "Sunset at East Hampton, L. I."; W. T. Richards, "The Cliffs of St. Levant"; Bunce, "Venetian Boats"; Thomas Moran, "The Cliffs of Green River"; Edward Moran, "Homeward Bound," "Toilers of the Fields"; Wm. Hart, "Twilight"; Thomas Moran, "Three Mile Harbor," "Sunset, Long Island Coast"; Louis C. Tiffany, "View in Italy." Jervis McEntee sent "Autumn Woods"; R. W. Van Boskerck, "An October Landscape"; Leon Moran, "The Salute"; Percy Moran, "Day Dreams"; Dielman, "October"; Jas. D. Smillie, "Evening Shadows"; Arthur Parton, "The Old Toll Gate"; J. H. Beard, "A Bird in the Hand," "Can't Fool Me"; A. T. Bricher, "Wreck at Atlantic City"; A. H. Wyant, "The Storm," "An Old Road in Moriah"; W. S. Macy, "Winter Sunset"; Arthur Quartley, "Dartmouth Marshes," "A Calm Morning," "An April Day, New York," and "After the Rain"; W. M. Chase, "Portrait of a Lady"; Shurtleff, "Autumn Gold," "Blue Heron"; J. G. Brown, "Full Blown," "His Face was Furrowed"; M. F. H. de Haas, "At Montauk Point"; Samuel Colman, "Sunset on the Pacific Coast." The hanging committee have received less notice than is usually accorded to the official headsmen on such an occasion; for the reason, perhaps, that the effort to give every one "the best place" was more successful than ordinarily. Van Boskerck and Verboeckhoven, Inness, and Diaz, Macy and Jacque hung side by side, cheek by jowl, in a manner that showed the committee's unbounded confidence in the ability of American art to hold its own under all circumstances. We do not know how this arrangement would have struck the eminent deceased, but it must, we suppose, have been highly gratifying to the living.

THE Brush electric light has been introduced into the court of the South Kensington Museum containing Sir Frederick Leighton's recently executed mural painting, it being feared that the work might be injured by gas.

AN ALLEGED MICHAEL ANGELO.

THERE has been a prolonged discussion in London art circles lately as to the authorship of "The Entombment," the famous unfinished picture in the National Gallery, generally held to be the work of Michael Angelo, but also attributed in previous controversies to Ghirlandajo, Mantegna, Pottajuolo, Verocchio, and others. Mr. J. C. Robinson, whose name is honorably associated with the South Kensington Museum, boldly declares it to be by Baccio Bandinelli. Mr. Poynter, Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Burton, and a host of other experts, controvert the claim with what seem to be overpowering arguments, and leave little doubt that this masterpiece—all contestants agree that it is such, whoever the artist may be—is an early production of Michael Angelo. The Athenæum is quite sure that Bandinelli did not paint the picture. "We quite fail to see," it says, "that it exhibits any of the types which Baccio employed. That artist's draughtsmanship is loose, not to say incorrect; his modeling is deficient in fruits of searching studies; his mode of composition has little or no compression; his groups, like the parts of his single figures, need coherence and concentration of the attitudes, actions, and, above all, of the motives they were designed to express. In short, Baccio's technical and mental grasp of his materials shows neither the completeness nor the spontaneity which glorify the picture in question, which in all these respects is absolutely antithetical to his work, and shows such transcendently grand expression, such dignity and pathos of air and movement; as no one before Mr. Robinson has ventured to attribute to him. . . . If not to Michael Angelo, we do not hesitate to ascribe it (the painting in question) to Ghirlandajo, his teacher. It shows, we think, a compound of the powers of both painters such as could only be due to the youth of the former."

SOME CRUIKSHANK DRAWINGS.

AN interesting collection of original sketches by George Cruikshank, nearly a hundred in number, has been acquired by Mr. J. W. Bouton. They are in lead pencil, pen-and-ink, wash, and we noticed two or three—there may be more—in pure water color. All are framed. In some instances the original drawing and an impression of the engraving appear together. Some frontispiece designs for books long out of print are not the least valuable numbers in the collection. Among these is a pencil sketch, lightly washed with sepia, of "Cakes and Ale," by Douglas Jerrold, published by the extinct firm of How & Parsons, in Fleet Street, and a sketch in pen-and-ink for a frontispiece for "The Enchanted Garden," with the humorous conceit of a youth sliding down a rainbow. The collection, we are informed, has only just been rescued from chancery, where it has long been tied up; which probably accounts for its being in the market, for the English devotees of Cruikshankiana rarely let a scrap from the later Hogarth escape them. With the exception of Mr. John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, we know of no American who has what might be called an important collection of Cruikshank's drawings.

The Print Collector.

CAUTIONS TO COLLECTORS.

THE collector of prints may be first cautioned against indulging a desire to become possessed of all the works of any master. There are no masters whose works in the gross deserve notice. No man is equal to himself in all his compositions. We have known a collector of Rembrandt ready to give any price for a print or two, which he wanted to complete his collection; though it had been to Rembrandt's credit if those prints had been suppressed. There is no doubt that if one-third of the works of this master should be tried by the rules of just criticism, they would appear of little value. The great Prince Eugene, it is said, was a collector of this kind, and piqued himself upon having in his possession all the works of all the masters. His collection was bulky and cost eighty thousand pounds; but when sifted, could not, in that day, be worth as many hundreds.

The collector of prints may, secondly, be cautioned against a superstitious veneration of names. A true judge leaves the master out of the question, and only examines the work. But with a little genius nothing sways like a great name. It carries a wonderful force; covers glaring faults, and creates imaginary beauties. That species of criticism is certainly just which examines the different manners of different masters, with a view to discover in how many ways a good effect may be produced, and which produces the best. But to be curious in finding out a master, in order *there* to rest the judgment, is a kind of criticism very paltry and illiberal. It is judging of the work by the master, instead of the master by the work. Hence it is that such vile prints as the "Woman in the Cauldron," and "Mount Parnassus," obtain credit among connoisseurs. If you ask wherein the beauty consists? you are informed, they are engraved by Marc Antonio; and if that does not satisfy you, you are further assured they are after Raphael. This absurd taste raised an honest indignation in that ingenious artist Picart; who having shown the world, by his excellent imitations, how ridiculous it is to pay a blind veneration to names, tells us that he had compared some of the engravings of the ancient masters with the original pictures, and found them very bad copies. He speaks of the stiffness, which in general runs through them, of the hair of children which resembles pot-hooks—and of the ignorance of those engravers of anatomy, drawing, and the distribution of light.

A third caution, which may be of use in collecting prints is, not to rate their value by their scarceness. Scarceness will make a valuable print more valuable; but to make scarceness the standard of a print's value, is to mistake an accident for a merit. This folly is founded on vanity; and arises from a desire of possessing what nobody else can possess. The want of real merit is made up by imaginary; and the object is intended to be kept, not looked at. Yet, absurd as this false taste is, nothing is more common; and a trifling genius may be found who will give fifty dollars for Hollar's shells, which, valued according to their real merit, the scarcity of them being added to the account, are not worth more than as many dimes. Instances in abundance might be collected of the prevalence of this folly. Le Clerc, in his print of "Alexander's Triumph," had given a profile of that prince. The print was shown to the Duke of Orleans, who was pleased with it on the whole, but justly enough objected to the side face. The obsequious artist erased it, and engraved a full one. A few impressions had been taken from the plate in its first state, which fell among the curious for ten times the price of the impressions taken after the face was altered. Callot, once, pleased with a little plate of his own etching, made a hole in it, through which he drew a ribbon, and wore it at his button. The impressions after the hole was made, are very scarce and amazingly valuable! Vandyke etched a print of the Holy Family, in which St. John was represented laying his hand upon the Virgin's shoulder. The print, before it was published, was shown among his critical friends, some of whom thought the action of St. John too familiar. The painter was convinced, and removed the hand. But he was mistaken when he thought he added value to his print by the alteration. The impressions which got abroad with the hand upon the shoulder would buy up all the rest, three times over, in any auction in London or Paris.

Many of Rembrandt's prints receive infinite value from little accidental alterations of this kind. A few impressions were taken from one plate, before a dog was introduced; from another, before a white horsetail was turned into a black one; from a third, before a sign-post was inserted at an ale house door, and all the scarce prints from these plates, though altered for the better, are the prints of value! The rest are common and cheap! We shall conclude these instances with a story of a late celebrated collector of pictures. He was showing his collection with great satisfaction; and after expatiating upon many noble works by Guido, Marratti, and other masters, he turned suddenly to the gentleman whom he attended, and, "Now, sir," said he, "I'll show you a real curiosity; there is a Woverman without a horse in it." The circumstance, it is true, was uncommon; but it was unluckily the very circumstance which made the picture of little real value.

Let the collector of prints be cautioned, fourthly, to beware of buying copies for originals. Most of the